

# Hugo, the Merchant

-Backwoods

Abstract: A shady, androgynous half-Ausar merchant who shows up in Novahome once the player unlocks Myrellion. Fond of credits, blunt weapons, and disgusting homemade 'flesh smoothies.'

- Male
- Half-Ausar (ears+tail, slender build, one can assume that he has a canine penis)
- Black hair+fur
- Hair length is 8
- Extremely pale skin
- Yellow eyes
- 62 tall- a bit of a shortie. He doesn't seem to be self-conscious about this.
- Femininity of 60
- Pencil-thin lips
- Tone of 20
- Frame of 20
- Ass of 4
- Hips of 4
- 1 breast row, rank 1 [wears loose clothing, so PC wouldn't see this normally].
- Lip and nipple colors are "black"
- Looks youngish, but claims to be "much older" than the PC
- Creepy, omnipresent grin
- Super smug and pretentious
- May or may not be a criminal. Assures the PC that his wares are 100% legal
- Attempted sexual advances will make Hugo angry
- So will overly-personal questions
- Just buy his shit

**\*He's basically the cheshire cat, except he's the cheshire sorta-dog, he drinks this disgusting liquid meat, and he sells you lethal weapons. Ever-so-slightly different.**

***\*He might be sexable. Later. Don't count on it. Will most likely only go for PCs with dicks, if he goes for PCs at all.***

***\*Maybe a platonic 'date' that ends up being a series of ridiculous riddles instead of a romantic endeavour?***

***\*PC would probably need really high INT to bang him***

***\*Like, beat him in 4D chess or something, I dunno***

***\*He'd act like a dom but secretly be super into dick***

***\*Probably has a bunch of Ausar dildos hidden in that creepy backroom of his***

***\*Maybe PC could eventually get him to admit his love for crossdressing and feminine gene mods***

***\*Dude's a femboy in denial***

***\*No, his flesh smoothies ARE NOT made of people***

# ***Hugo's Combat Emporium***

Single tile branching off of the westernmost portion Novahome's main road, to the North or South as the coder would prefer.

Descriptions listed are to be appended to the already extant description of the road tile, if applicable.

## **Description from outside shop:**

[if PC has not visited yet]:

You can barely make out a steel door, covered in rust and badly-dented. The words "**Hugo's Combat Emporium**" are rudely scrawled onto an adjacent wall in black paint that looks to be almost-wet. This 'combat emporium' must have been established very recently.

[if PC has visited]:

Though it's hard to see in the dim, flickering light, you can tell that Hugo's shop is nearby by the subtle odor of raw meat permeating the area. Ugh.

## **Description when entering the shop:**

[if PC has not unlocked Myrellion]:

You yank at the handle of the steel door, but it won't budge an inch. You knock, and are greeted only by the hollow echo of the space behind the door. It looks like this store is either a hoax, or just not open yet. **<b>Maybe you should come back later.</b>**  
[PC is immediately ejected to the street tile.]

[if PC has unlocked Myrellion, and has not entered before]:

Despite the door's corroded state, its handle turns smoothly. It swings open silently, with a speed belying its apparent bulk.

You're immediately hit by the overpowering odor of raw meat, and it takes all of your willpower to force down your gag reflex. Have you discovered some sort of demented butcher's shop within the Novahome's wall?

You take a deep breath and step inside...

[New screen]

You find yourself in a small, dimly-lit room made entirely of badly-corroded metal, a kaleidoscope of dirt-brown and vomit-orange. The tenant has taken minimal steps toward improving the miserable location's atmosphere, and the presence of a lone, wilting Terran poppy in a cracked pot doesn't do much to improve the shop's depressing vibe. The room is lit entirely by a flickering sodium lamp that's likely as old as the Nova. It casts a wild, orange glow that serves to somehow deepen the shadows even further. A few metal shipping crates stamped with the UGC's emblem are stacked in a neat row on the far side of the room, giving the vague impression of a countertop. You can see another door behind the improvised counter, in better visible condition than the door through which you entered. "DO NOT ENTER" is scrawled on it in red paint.

The odor of carnage is paradoxically less unbearable here than it was at the place's entrance, though it's still noticeable and ever-so-slightly nauseating.

You can hear speech from behind the door at the far side of the room- is someone there?

You call out for assistance, and a small being flings the door open.

[New screen]

Surprisingly, you're not greeted by a rask...

***\*[Basic description of Hugo, emphasizing his creepy fucking grin. PC isn't quite sure if he's male or female at first.]***

[If PC has entered before]:

***\*[Hugo says hello, PC is appropriately disgusted by the stench of the shop. Fairly basic intro, maybe 2-3 sentences.]***

# Items for Sale

[Upon choosing "buy"]

"Ah, galactic credits! A man/woman out for this merchant's heart!"

Hugo rushes into the back room and quickly returns, arms filled with a wide array of goods.

Despite the dilapidated nature of the shop itself, most of Hugo's merchandise appears factory-fresh and well-maintained. He lays his selection out atop the improvised counter and fixes you with his most convincing grin.

"Well? See anything you like?"

Now that he mentions it...

## [Corrosive Knife]

Shortname: "C. Knife"

Short Desc: "A sharp ceramic blade with corrosive properties."

A wickedly-sharp white ceramic karambit coated in Sydian venom. This thing would punch through the thickest of metal. Its handle is wrapped in an unidentifiable black leather.

**Melee weapon. Deals kinetic and corrosive damage.**

*-Description blurb*

**[A dual-type weapon dealing 5 kinetic and 10 corrosive damage. Kinetic damage type is piercing.]**

"Not my favorite gear, but some people prefer their sharp-edged weapons. Expertly-coated in the finest Sydian extracts, complemented by an inert ceramic blade. Don't try to machine wash it."

How much?

"For you, dear customer, **[8,000]** credits."

***Potential battle text overrides, if that's possible:***

***\*You slash out with your Corrosive Knife, dealing X damage.***

***\*You make a decisive slash with your Corrosive Knife. X damage dealt.***

***\*Your Corrosive Knife rips into the enemy, spattering fluids and dealing X damage***

***[Critical Hit]***

## [Metal Club]

Shortname: "M. Club"

Short Desc: "A long club fitted with gravidic amplifiers."

A curiously elongated and thin metal club. Something about its silvery, iridescent sheen seems otherworldly- or maybe that's the ominous hum emanating from it. Though it's not as physically robust as other blunt arms, the club is lightweight and good for striking and blocking. You sense that this weapon is suited for a warrior who's quick on their feet.

**Melee weapon. Deals kinetic and gravidic damage, increases accuracy and evasion.**

*-Description blurb*

**[A melee weapon dealing 2 irresistible gravidic damage and 10 kinetic damage.**

**Boosts accuracy and evasion by 5. Kinetic damage type is crushing.]**

***\*Damage is indexed from reflexes rather than physicality, perhaps?***

Hugo's ever-present grin widens even further when you ask him about the club prominently displayed on his shop's counter.

"This oblong, steel rod might look to be made for sport..."

You shudder at the thought of any sport involving such a dangerous-looking weapon.

"But it's built for combat! It uses some not-technically-illegal gravidic tech in addition to basic kinetics, and it can cave in the skulls of most sapient species. You might find yourself

dodging and hitting more easily with this sleek, sporty design, as well. A wonderful weapon for my wonderful customer!"

He's laying it on a little thick, isn't he? How much?

"High-quality blunt arms like this are hard to come by... But for you, [18,000] credits."

**Potential battle text overrides, if that's possible:**

**\*You strike a fierce blow with your Metal Club for X damage.**

**\*You swing your Metal Club with grace, dealing X damage.**

**\*A swing and a hit! Part of you wants to scream 'Home Run!' for some reason. X damage dealt. [Critical Hit.]**

## [Prismatic Aegis β]

Shortname: "Aegis β"

Short Desc: "A shield for use against energy weapons and lust."

A nondescript white shield projection device, engraved with the Greek letter Beta. Its energy shields have a subtle rainbow hue. The device is eerily lightweight, and utterly silent. Hugo clearly put a lot of care into creating it.

**Shield. Provides resistance against lust-inducing attacks and energy attacks while active.**

*-Description blurb*

**[30 HP base shield. Provides 20% lust resistance from all sources, and a 30% resistance to laser, plasma, psionic, and electric weapons.]**

"A radiant energy shield of my own design. Perfect for dealing with your high-tech types. It'll keep impure thoughts away, as an added bonus. The battlefield isn't a place for libidinous thought."

The price?

"A mere [9,000] credits."

## [Frayed Tie]

Shortname: "F. Tie"

Short Desc: "An old, beat-up tie."

A black, moth-bitten clip-on tie, like a businessman on Terra might have worn a few hundred years ago. It bears an oddly-metallic scent.

**Accessory. Provides slight increases to evasion and tease damage.**

*-Description blurb*

**[+3 evasion, +1 tease]**

"You want to buy this thing? Er, some sorts might be attracted to the bored-office-worker aesthetic, I suppose. If you want to exchange your credits for this tattered cloth, be my guest."

Asking price?

"[100] credits, though I'm tempted to give it away for free."

## [Flesh Smoothie]

Shortname: "Fl. Smooth"

Short Desc: "A plastic bottle of liquid flesh. Ew."

A plastic bottle. Its old labeling was scribbled out with black marker, and it's filled with a reddish mixture of liquid meat. The odor is indescribable.

**Consumable. Reduces lust and regenerates energy.**

*-Description Blurb*

**[Regenerates 15 energy and reduces lust by 20.]**

You're curious about the enigmatically-named "Flesh Smoothie" that Hugo claims to be selling.

"It's a plastic bottle filled with raw, liquid meat of non-sapient origin. Not for the faint of heart or the faint of digestive system. It'll probably bring you some minor energy gains, maybe even reduce lust with its... Unique properties. An underappreciated classic."

The open, clear bottle that he's proffered to you reeks of metal and burnt plastic. If you didn't know any better, you'd assume that Hugo was trying to kill you.

"Only **[200]** credits, my friend."

You try not to gag, and briefly consider buying the unholy concoction.

# Conversation

## [TOPICS]

*[L] indicates that a topic is initially locked.*

[Species]

[Insist][L]

[Supply]

[Where from?]

[Y Tarkus?]

[You][L]

[Advice][L]

[Sex]

[Upgrade][L]

## [Species]

*Hover tooltip: What exactly IS he, anyways? He's pretty short for an adult Terran or Ausar.*

Text:

"Half-Ausar, customer. [IF PC RACE IS HALF-AUSAR OR AUSAR] Can't you recognize one of your own kind?" [ELSE] Couldn't your codex have told you that? We're not terribly rare."

**["Insist" talk option is now unlocked]**

## [Insist]

*Hover tooltip: You need to know the juicy details of this stranger's heritage.*

Text:

"Feeling a little suspicious, customer? Do the finer details of my upbringing really matter?

There are credits to spend and enemies to reduce into fine red mist. This isn't a conversation worth having."

He squares his shoulders and crosses his arms, mind made. It seems that this strange little man won't be sharing anything else about his race. You grumble under your breath at the merchant's perseverance.

**["Species" talk option is now locked]**

## [Supply]

*Hover tooltip: Where does he get all of this fancy merchandise, anyways?*

Text:

You ask where Hugo gets the supplies he sells. The collection is nothing if not eclectic.

"Depends. Most of the cheap goods, I produce here in the shop. The really powerful items were made by myself in another time, another place. None of my wares are illegal or stolen, if that's your concern. A good merchant would never risk his destitution."

It seems that he takes great pride in the legality of his supply.

"The art of the salesman is the only one I know. I'd never risk losing my meaning in life.

After all, what is a man without his purpose?"

Nothing, you suppose.

"Exactly. Just as you would be nothing if you gave up your adventuring, I would be nothing if I gave up my livelihood. I'm glad that you understand, customer."

The edges of Hugo's eyes crinkle ever-so-slightly, and you sense that he's happy with you.

**["You" chat option is now unlocked.]**

**[You]**

*Hover tooltip: Because even when it's about him, it's all about you.*

Text:

You ask Hugo if he knows who you are. The canine fellow